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AN
ELEGY

On the DEATH
OF

The Guardian Outwitted,
An OPERA;

Written and Composed by
THOMAS AUGUSTINE ARNE, M. D.

*Eheu! Fidicen! Fidesque!
Ileque Felis!*

BOURN, Poemat.

L O N D O N,
Printed for W. NICOLL, in St. Paul's Church-Yard.
MDCCLXV.

[Price One Shilling.]

THE LANCET

ON THE DEATH

OF

THE GUARDIAN OF THE

ART OF PRACTICE

Written and Compiled by

THOMAS AUGUSTINE ARNE, M.D.

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[Price One Shilling]

A N
E L E G Y
On the DEATH of
The Guardian Outwitted.

I.
THE shrill Bell rings the Knell of "*Curtain rise*;"
From the thrum'd String the scraping Herd
to warn :
Behind the Scenes the plodding Snuffer hies,
And leaves the Stage to Operas and to ARNE.

An E L E G Y,

Written in a Country Church-Yard.

I.
THE Curfeu tells the Knell of parting Day,
The lowing Herd winds slowly o'er the Lea,
The Plowman homeward plods his weary Way,
And leaves the World to Darkness, and to Me.

B

Now

(2)

II.

Now strike the glimmering Lamps upon the Sight,
And all the House a solemn Stillness holds ;
Save where the Seaman from the Gallery's Height,
For Roast Beef bawling, the cue'd Fidler scolds.

III.

Save that in yonder Velvet-mantled Box,
A moping Countess to her Grace complains,
Of Macaws, Monkeys, Perroquets, and Shocks ;
And Losses *vaiſt*, and *vaiſtly* paltry Gains.

II.

Now fades the glimmering Landscape on the Sight,
And all the Air a solemn Stillness holds ;
Save where the Beetle wheels his droning Flight,
Or drowfy Tinklings lull the distant Folds.

III.

Save, that from yonder Ivy-mantled Tow'r
The moping Owl does to the Moon complain
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret Bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary Reign.

Behind

IV.

Behind those rugged Spikes, that Bag-wig's Shade,
Where tuneful Folios lie in many a Heap;
Each in his narrow Line for ever laid,
The embryo Crotchets of THE GUARDIAN sleep.

V.

The long, long Trill of Quaver-torturing *Brent*;
Miss *Hallam* twitt'ring from her tender Throat:
Thy Clarion, *Beard*, that Echo's Ear has rent,
No more shall rouse each lowly-slumb'ring Note.

IV.

Beneath those rugged Elms, that Yew-Tree's Shade,
Where heaves the Turf in many a mould'ring Heap,
Each in his narrow Cell for ever laid.
The rude Forefathers of the Hamlet sleep.

V.

The breezy Call of Incense-breathing Morn,
The Swallow twitt'ring from the Straw-built Shed,
The Cock's shrill Clarion, or the echoing Horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly Bed.

VI.

For these no more a Parent's Breast shall burn;
 His busy Fingers ply their Evening Care;
 Poor banish'd Children! never to return,
 Nor their own tender Sire's Applause to share.

VII.

Oft did the City Nymphs their Sweetness own,
 Their Force the stubborn Centinel has broke.
 How jocund did they drive the dull Farce down,
 When Wit and Sense expir'd without a Joke.

VI.

For them no more the blazing Hearth shall burn,
 Or busy Housewife ply her Ev'ning Care:
 No Children run to list their Sire's Return,
 Or climb his Knees the envied Kiss to share.

VII.

Oft did the Harvest to their Sickle yield,
 Their Furrow oft the stubborn Glebe has broke;
 How jocund did they drive their Team afield!
 How bow'd the Woods beneath their sturdy Stroke!

Yet,

VIII.

Yet, let not Genius mock their uselefs Toil,
Their tranſient Honours, and their Life not long;
Nor Senſe behold with a diſdainful Smile,
The ſhort and ſimple Annals of a Song.

IX.

The Pomp of Tragedy, Expreſſion's Pow'r,
And all that *Garrick*, all that *Quin* e'er gave;
Have found alike th' inevitable Hour,
And the Fifth Act ſtill led them to the Grave.

VIII.

Let not Ambition mock their uſeful Toil,
Their homely Joy, and Deſtiny obſcure;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a diſdainful Smile,
The ſhort and ſimple Annals of the Poor.

IX.

The Boaſts of Heraldry, the Pomp of Power,
And all that Beauty, all that Wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike th' inevitable Hour,
The Paths of Glory lead but to the Grave.

Forgive,

X.

Forgive, ye Bards, th' involuntary Fault,
If Love parental shall no Trophies raise,
Where, in th' Orchestra's low-sequester'd Vault,
The Coxcomb Fidler plies his Arm for Praise.

XI.

Can pensive ARNE, with animated Strain,
Back to its Audience call his fleeting Play?
Can Music's Voice the Hand of Death restrain,
Or soothing Sounds prolong the fatal Day?

XV.

Forgive, ye Proud, the involuntary Fault,
If Memory to these no Trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn Isle and fretted Vault,
The pealing Anthem swells the Note of Praise.

XI.

Can storied Urn, or animated Bust
Back to its Mansion call the fleeting Breath?
Can Honour's Voice provoke the silent Dust,
Or Flatt'ry sooth the dull cold Ear of Death?

Perhaps,

XII.

Perhaps, ere this, he many an Opera made,
Which, though not pregnant with celestial Fire,
Might yet, like this, its little Night have sway'd,
And wak'd to Extasy the living Lyre.

XIII.

But shrill Rehearsal each unprinted Page,
Lavish of Grins, and Squalls, did ne'er unroll;
The Hiss contemptuous and the Catcall's Rage,
Repress'd the great Ambition of his Soul.

XII.

Perhaps in this neglected Spot is laid
Some Heart once pregnant with celestial Fire,
Hands that the Reins of Empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to Extasy the living Lyre.

XIII.

But Knowledge to their Eyes her ample Page
Rich with the Spoils of Time did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble Rage,
And froze the genial Current of the Soul.

Full

XIV.

Full many a Book, of purest Page serene,
The high ungenial Cells of *Grub-Street* bear;
Full many a Pamphlet leaves the Press unseen,
In *Moorfields* dangling to the desert Air.

XV.

Some Village ****, who a Wife's fell Frown,
A vixen Wife, with Music has withstood;
Some blind *Corelli* oft may scrape unknown,
Some ARNE, not guilty of an Opera's Blood.

XIV.

Full many a Gem of purest Ray serene
The dark, unfathom'd Caves of Ocean bear,
Full many a Flower is born to blush unseen
And waste it's Sweetness on the desert Air:

XV.

Some Village *Hampden* that with dauntless Breast,
The little Tyrant of his Fields withstood,
Some mute, inglorious *Milton* here may rest,
Some *Cromwell*, guiltless of his Country's Blood.

Th'

XVI.

Th' Applause of listening Boxes to command,
Damnation's Pain and Ruin to despise;
To scatter Crotchets o'er a fiddling Land,
And read their Influence in a Lady's Eyes

XVII.

Their Lot forbade, nor circumscrib'd alone
Their tuneful Empire, but their Pride confin'd,
Forbade pert Nonsense to usurp the Throne
Of Taste, and banish Genius from Mankind.

XVI.

Th' Applause of list'ning Senates to command,
The Threats of Pain and Ruin to despise,
To scatter Plenty o'er a smiling Land,
And read their Hist'ry in a Nation's Eyes

XVII.

Their Lot forbade; nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing Virtues, but their Crimes confin'd;
Forbade to wade through Slaughter to a Throne;
And shut the Gates of Mercy on Mankind;

XVIII.

Oft-pilfer'd Airs, and borrow'd Strains to hide,
 To quench the Blushes of ingenuous Shame,
 And feed the Fondness of a Fidler's Pride
 With dull Pretences to the Muse's Flame.

XIX.

Far from the merry Wake, and rustic Ball
 No vain Pursuits their sober Wishes led;
 Along the Streets, and round his Worship's Hall,
 They scrap'd the noisy Tenor for their Bread:

XVIII.

The struggling Pangs of conscious Truth to hide,
 To quench the Blushes of ingenuous Shame,
 Or heap the Shrine of Luxury and Pride
 With Incense, kindled at the Muse's Flame.

XIX.

Far from the madding Crowd's ignoble Strife,
 Their sober Wishes never learn'd to stray;
 Along the cool sequester'd Vale of Life,
 They kept the noiseless Tenor of their Way.

Yet

(-II-)

XX.

Yet still the Blind from Insult to protect,
Some faithful Comfort ever wand'ring nigh
With vary'd Garb, and uncouth Pinner deck'd,
Implores the passing Tribute with a Sigh.

XXI.

Her Ditties oft, tho' an unletter'd Muse,
The Place of Air and Sonnet would supply,
And Songs of Grace at *Christmas* would she chuse,
Repaid with Luncheons from the Grey-Goose Pye.

XX.

Yet ev'n these Bones from Insult to protect
Some frail Memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth Rhimes and shapeless Sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing Tribute of a Sigh.

XXI.

Their Name, their Years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The Place of Fame and Elegy supply,
And many a holy Text around she strews,
That teach the Rustic Moralist to dye.

XXII.

For who so much to Gloominess a Prey,
Whose Spirits Music knows not to advance?
Or who could listen to her Roundelay,
Nor lift one longing, lingering Leg to dance?

XXIII.

On some smart Air the active Heel relies,
Some sprightly Jig the springing Foot requires;
E'en to a March the moving Spirits rise,
E'en in a Minuet wake our youthful Fires.

XXII.

For who to dumb Forgetfulness a Prey,
This pleasing anxious Being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm Precincts of the chearful Day,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring Look behind?

XXIII.

On some fond Breast the parting Soul relies,
Some pious Drops the closing Eye requires;
E'en from the Tomb the Voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our Ashes live their wonted Fires.

For

XXIV.

For Thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these Lines the GUARDIAN's Tale relate,
If chance, by Love of Elegy misled,
Some Kindred Spirit shall enquire thy Fate,

XXV.

Haply some antiquated Maid may say,
' Oft have we seen him at the Hour of Pray'r,
' Brushing, with hasty Hand, the Dust away
' From his rent Cassock and his Beaver bare.

XXIV.

For Thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd Dead
Dost in these Lines their artless Tale relate;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred Spirit shall enquire thy Fate,

XXV.

Haply some hoary-headed Swain may say,
' Oft have we seen him at the Peep of Dawn
' Brushing with hasty Step the Dews away,
' To meet the Sun upon the upland Lawn
' Oft

XXVI.

' Oft by the Side of yonder nodding Font
' That lifts it's old fantastic Head so high,
' To wait the frequent Christ'ning was he wont,
' And frown upon the Clerk that babbled by.

XXVII.

' Oft in yon Pulpit, smiling as in Scorn,
' Muttering his uncouth Doctrines would he preach,
' Now drooping, woeful, wan, like one forlorn,
' In deep Despair the Mitre's Grace to reach.

XXIX.

XXVI.

' There at the Foot of yonder nodding Beech
' That wreathes its old fantastic Roots so high,
' His listless Length at Noontide would he stretch,
' And pore upon the Brook that babbles by.

XXVII.

' Hard by yon Wood, now smiling as in Scorn,
' Mutt'ring his wayward Fancies he would rove,
' Now drooping, woeful, wan, like one forlorn,
' Or craz'd with Care, or cross'd in hopeless Love.

' One

XXVIII.

' One Morn I miss'd him at the Hour of Pray'r,
' In vain I took my Spectacles to see;
' His wonted Surplice did another wear,
' Nor in the Vestry, nor the Desk was he.

XXIX.

' The next with Dirges due, in sad Array,
' "Slow thro' the Church-way Path we saw him
brought,
' Approach and read (if thou canst read) the Lay,
' Which his own Clerk, his Parish Clerk has wrote.'

XXVIII.

' One Morn I miss'd him on the custom'd Hill,
' Along the Heath, and near his favorite Tree;
' Another came, nor yet beside the Rill,
' Nor up the Lawn, nor at the Wood was he.

XXIX.

' The next with Dirges due, in sad Array,
' Slow through the Church-way Path we saw him borne,
' Approach and read (for thou canst read) the Lay,
' Grav'd on the Stone beneath yon aged Thorn.

EPITAPH.

E P I T A P H.

- ‘ H E R E rests his Head upon the Lap of Earth
‘ A Curate poor, to Stalls and Tithes unknown;
‘ No Bishop smil’d upon his humble Birth;
‘ No Minister e’er mark’d him for his own.
‘ Bread was his only Food; his Drink the Brook;
‘ So small a Salary did his Rector send;
‘ He left his Laundress all he had, a Book;
‘ He found in Death, ’twas all he wish’d, a Friend.
-

E P I T A P H.

- ‘ H E R E rests his Head upon the Lap of Earth,
‘ A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown:
‘ Fair Science frown’d not on his humble Birth,
‘ And Melancholy mark’d him for her own,
‘ Large was his Bounty, and his Soul sincere,
‘ Heav’n did a Recompence as largely send:
‘ He gave to Mis’ry (all he had) a Tear;
‘ He gain’d from Heav’n (’twas all he wish’d) a Friend.

- No farther seek his Wardrobe to disclose,
 - Nor draw his Breeches from their darksome Cell;
 - There, like their Master, let them find Repose,
 - Nor dread the Horrors of a Taylor's Hell.
-

- No farther seek his Merits to disclose,
- Or draw his Frailties from their dread Abode,
- (There they alike in trembling Hope repose)
- The Bosom of his Father and his God.

F I N I S.

• Nor dread the horrors of a Taylor's Hell.
• There, like their Master, let them find Repose,
• Let draw his Treasures from their darkness Cell;
• No further seek his Wards to disclose.

• The Boism of his Father and his God.
• There they abide in trembling Hope repose,
• Or draw his Treasures from their dread Abode,
• No further seek his Mercies to disclose.